





This Day in History.

TIIIS is the anniversary of the meeting, in 1620, of the House of Burgesses in Jamestown, Virginia, marking the first instance of a gathering of a colonial legislature in the new world. As the colonies grew, the legislatures played an important part in preserving the liberties of the

A NEW SERIAL BY A FAMOUS AUTHOR

David Follows Desiree and Helen in the Crowd and Further Increases His Admiration for the Former

(Author of many novels and one of the country's best-known writers of short stories.)

ETXCUSE me, my dear, for bossing your chauffeur," Helen Goddard said after she had given her excited directions to David.

These directions had not been followed, however, until his employer's daughter had seconded Yes, Smith-drive anywhere you

think best. Only let us get there as soon as possible." Then Desiree had leaned back and gazed straight ahead. She was

more agitated by the turmoil about her than she would admit. For the streets and avenues were rapidly filling with people. All were excited-numbers of them were

laughing; some of them were cry-"Desiree, I apologized to you just now," Helen said.

Desiree tried to smile, but her lips twitched nervously. "Oh-did you? What did you say? Ah, yes-I remember-something about Smith, wasn't it?"

I only asked your pardon for giving him an order. "That's all right." her companion relained absent-mindedly.

"You see," Helen tried to explain, is so different from a regular chauffeur that I answered his suggestion as to where we should go just as if he had been a man I really knew. I should think you would forget that he is an employe. He has such lovely manners that he is a real puzzle to me."

"Do not let him puzzle you too much." Desiree advised dryly. "Really, while Smith's manners are good, he is hardly such a wonder as your comments would seem to

She Scents a Mystery. Well. I am sure there is something mysterious about him," Helen Geddard declared. "I made up my mind to that some time ago. I wondered then if you had noticed it." "Noticed what?"

"Oh-only that he has an air about him," Helen replied. Most people have an air of one kind or another about them," was

Advice to the Lovelorn By Beatrice Fairfax.

Told a White Lie.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: About a year and a half ago I met an officer in the navy who had been to see me every time his ship docked in New York. The last time he was in he wanted to see me a certain evening, but as I was going to a party with another young man I told him I had another engagement for that evening with my mother (a white lie). We parted the best of friends as far as I can remember.

Instead of his ship coming in at

New York as it usually does, it went to Boston. He has been in Boston for about a week and a half and I have net heard from him.

To you think I ought to write to him and find out the reason why he has not written to me? I like this young man very much and feel hurt that I do not hear from him.

P. G. D.

It will be quite proper for you to write to the young officer a jolly letter saying you were sorry his ship did not dock in New York, as usual, and you will be glad to see him. Personally I do not think the white lie had anything to do with his nonappearance, as he is probably in ignorance of your pecca-

Question of Jealousy. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Through business I met a young tended numerous invitations to me which I accepted. Suddenly and without apparent reason there seemed to misunderstanding. It so hap pened that I had an opportunity to better myself in business and accept-ed it. I had decided to try and find the cause of the trouble, and a plain talk with him discovered it to be jealousy on his part. After all explanations he said everything was cleared up. But it seemed theme that he was not yet convinced he had no cause to be jesious. Now, how Fairfax, I have learned to love this man dearly. Is there any way of getting in touch with him without cheapening myself in his eyes? He has my address, but I have never heard from him. I will appreciate any advice you may have to give

Apart from the assumption on your part that nothing is the matter and you are as good friends as ever, it is difficult to offer a suggestion. Young men frequently indulge in fits of pique of this kind, and one has to let these little tantrums wear themselves out before getting back on the old friendly footing. As he is evidently harboring some sort of grievance, I think that without loss of dignity you might write him a letter and ask him to come to see you.

Twenty Is Young. DEAR MISS PAIRFAX:

I am eighteen and am going with a girl about the same age. Her parents want her to get married within the next two years. As I am young and making a reasonable living, is it proper for me to get married in the next two

a boy to marry these days, particularly as the barest living expenses have increased so tremendonsly, that it is doubtful if you could make enough to support a

You are only eighteen now, and very probably the type of girl who is now congenial would not interest you when you are older.

These Parasols, for Instance, Reflect a Departure from the Staid Models of Other Summers In both France and England there seems to be a disposition for

society to adopt the new and startling. These photographs were taken at fashionable gatherings, and show the parasol in a new guise as to shape and decoration. The odd shape in the picture to the right, vies with the unique decorations in the one to the left in a contest for originality.





meet.

Photos by Underwood & Underwood. By Aline Michaelis. THE TEMPERAMENTAL GIRL

MAISIE was a charming creature in her temperamental way, for her mamma used to teach her she was not of common clay. Malsie could not bear the rabble and the proletariat, though for hours she'd sit and gabble to a monkey and a cat. Maisie's soul was clad in henna; leastways, so far Maisie said, and she spoke to her duenna of an aura 'round her head, 'Certain colors made her weary, and still others made her faint. She was always very puffy with the people who say "ain't." Maisie felt she had a mission, and she waited for the call; maids of nasty disposition said this was just a stall. First she thought she'd be a poet, but her verse made folks quite sure it were best for her to stow it, or to take some sort of cure. Painting was her next endeavor, cabbages and kings and sich; she'd one drawback-one could never tell exactly which was which. And while thus sweet Maisie flitted all the muses she'd invoke. People said: "Is she half-witted, or is this another joke?" But the time came when her mission faded swiftly from her view. for she met a young magician whose best stunt was how to woo. And he also talked of aures and of souls in blue and pink. When he'd sniffle of his sorrows, humdrum beaux went on the blink. All was well until he kissed her, then dear Maisie passed away. Purple souls could not assist her-he ate garlic every

Snails and the Weather. Snails are said to be valuable weather prophets. As long as they are to be seen jogging along in the orthodox manner fine weather may be confidently looked forward to If there is rain in the atmosphere the snails may be seen to seek shelter up the stems of trees and shrubs, under leaves, and, in fact, anywhere so that they can be safe ly out of the wet. Only when all immediate danger of a recurrence of rain is over will they emerge

Human Vitality.

According to experiments with the dynamometer, a man is precisely at his weakest when he turns out of bed. His muscular force is generally increased by breakfast. but it attains to its highest point after the midday meal. It then sinks for a few hours, rises again toward evening, but steadily delines from night to morning chief foes of muscular force are the two extremes-overwork and

To polish patent leather, rub with the following mixture: One part of linseed oil and two of cream. Warm these and mix thoroughly Then apply to the leather with flannel, and polish with a soft silk

Husband good Francis so value

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)
Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, nistoric buccaneer, decides to pass up activities of city life for a walle and plans a fishing trip. To Thomas Regan, slock operator, comes Alvares Torres, a South American, who announces he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days. Regan has an idea.

Young Morgan sails for South America in pursuit of the treasure. Upon landing he encounters strange young woman who

Francis learns he and Henry, the mys-crious inlander, are both descendants of

Henry and Jeffe descend into pit to play a strange game. Francis finds custodian of pirate treasure. They fall into a trap. Old Priest's Chant fails to bring key to fortune from Chia's ear. Francis decides on exploration of pit. One of party fails to death. Henry goes for help. The friends are reunited in the Valley of Lost Souls. Torres is ordered to imbibe of the drink of death. Help comes from the sky.

They meet the Queen, who informs the one of the party must become her husband.

woman was a big one, yet was Tor-

is it you have to tell me or ask of Torres Boasts a Little. "I am the one selected," he re-

"Strange," she said, "I saw not your face in the Mirror of the World. There is some mistake,

"A mistake," he acknowledged readily, reading certain knowledge in her eyes. "It was the drink. There is magic in it that made me speak the message of my heart to you. I want you so."

summoned the waiting woman and had his pottery mug replenished.
"A second mistake, perhaps will now result, eh?" she teased, when he had downed the drink. "No, O Queen," he replied. "Now, all is clarity. My true heart I can mased your hand, is the man selected

from the first.". Thus encouraged, Torres con-

"I am his friend, his very best know that he is among the richwhere men are very rich."

ment.

ously. Once inside, at the first glance around. Torres knew the room for She chose first a small becoming bucram shape; then a yard of white taffeta, very good quality, and cut

incalculable treasure of gems-diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, the most precious, the purest and largest of their kinds. very small stitches likewise. Then the band is slipped onto the brim

ancient drink like fire in his brain, did as he was told. "These trifles of glass are such an

astonishment," she plagued. "Your "I never dreamed in all the world

"They are beyond price?"

"They are beyond the value of valor, and love, and honor?" "They are beyond all things. "Can a woman's or a man's true "They can purchase all the

world.

women? sold themselves."

"Will they buy me the heart of For the first time Torres looked

wild-eyed with sight of such array

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

Torres Informs Queen He Is the Man Selected to Become Her

Torres nodded speechlessly. "Do all persons so value them? Again he nodded emphatically. She began to laugh in silvery de-

he encounters strange young woman who appears to mistake him for some one else. He is fired upon by three natives and seeks safety aboard his vessel, the

Pirate Morgan.

Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is saved from death on gallows and Henry is arrested in his place. Leoncia finds her fancy has strayed from Henry to Francis. The two plot to save Henry.

ed from Henry to Francia. The two plot to save Henry.
Francia, Geonica and Henry clude their enemics and go aboard Francis' vessel. The Angelique is pursued down the coast. Francis and his party decidete go ashore to clude their pursuers. They came upon treasure. Francis and his friends again find themselves pursued and fermer battles with foes to enable others to escape. All members of the party, are captured. Henry and Jeffe descend into pit to play a strange game. Francis finds quatodian

About the age of the keg there could be no doubt, and Torres, knowing that it had crossed the Western Ocean twelve generations before, felt his throat tickle with desire to taste its contents. The drink poured by the waiting res startled by the mildness of it. But quickly the magic of fourcenturies-old spirits began to course through his veins and set the maggots crawling in his brain. The Queen bade him sit on the edge of the divan at her feet, where she could observe him, and asked: "You came unsummoned. What

plied, twisting his mustache and striving to look the noticingness of a male on love adventure bent

Again with laughing eyes, she out honor are you. And the way of all thieves in this valley of death. I

ter. Francis Morgan, he who kissto be your husband." "It is true," she said solemnly. "His was the face I saw, and knew

tinued.

friend. You who know all things, know the custom of the marriage dowry. He has sent me, his best friend, to inquire into and examine the dowry of the bride. You must est of men in his own country So suddenly did she arise on the

divan that Torres cringed and half shrank down, in his panic expectance of a knife-blade between his shoulders. Instead, the queen walked swiftly, or, rather, glided,

to the doorway to an inner apart-"Come!" she summoned imperi-

what it was, her sleeping chamber. But his eyes had little space for such details. Lifting the lid of a heavy chest of ironwood, brassbound she motioned him to look in. He obeyed and saw the amazement of the world. The little maid had spoke true. Like so much shelled corn, the chest was filled with an

"Thrust in your arms to the shoulders," she said, "and make sure that these baubles be real and of the adamant of flint, rather than illusions and reflections of unreality dreamed real in a dream. Thus may you make certain report to your very rich friend who is to marry

And Torres, the madness of the

eyes are as if they were witnessing great wonders." there was such a treasure," he muttered in his drunkenness.

"They are beyond price."

They are a madness." love be purchased by them?"

"Come," the Queen said. "You are a man. You have held women in your arms. Will they purchase

"Since the beginning of time women have been bought and sold for them, and for them women have

your good friend Francis?" at her, and nodded and muttered, his eyes swimming with drink and

"A Sample Case of Humor," by

it is read. Real humor and pathos who turns these pages will occa-Company, Chicago. Price, \$1.25.

THE LOVE GAMBLER Oh, Yes! There's Something New Under the Sun

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

the non-committal answer. Then both girls lapsed into silence. Helen was chiding herself for having discussed the chauffeur with her friend. The romance she had built up about him as a person with a mysterious past was all her

> Not only did she shrink from Desiree's ridicule, but if Smith was, as Helen fondly hoped, "a reformed somebody trying to keep straight" it would not be kind to suggest this to his employer. Desiree's silence was due to the fact that her heart was so full of

own. She had determined not to

mention her suspicions to her friend.

armistice that she scarcely dared allow herself to speak. There was a lump'in her throat and a tugging at her heart-strings. David DeLaine, on the front seat, driving a rich man's car slowly through crowded New York streets, was conscious of little except his own seething thoughts. Almost me-

the meaning of the signing of the

chanically he piloted the big limousine, regarding strictly the traffic regulations. All about him were laughing, shouting, singing crowds. But above and beyond them he was seeing another picture. He was once more overseas, driving an ambulance with wounded men in it

roar of bursting shells-"Stop!" A policeman's voice rang out "You can't drive a bit farther, my man," the officer declared. "If you want to get farther down you'd better get out and walk."

He heard again the screech and

Further Orders. Desiree leaned forward. "He's right, Smith," she said impulsively. "Draw your car up on one of the side streets and we'll walk the rest of the way." When David had obeyed her or-

ders, she spoke again. Leave the rugs in the car and lock the door. You will want to see the crowd, too. We will go down Fifth avenue on foot-Miss Goddard and I. You may go where please-and meet us here

"Thank you," he replied courte-

He still felt like one in a dream. But through that dream he saw the dark eyes of the girl who was in "I will walk behind her and Miss

rough a crowd for her to go about When the pair in front of him reached the avenue, he saw them pause. The human stream flowing up and down the broad thor-

Goddard," he resolved. "It's too

oughfare was almost appalling in its strength. A man whom Helen Goddard knew addressed her. "Come with me," he urged. "I

have a window here in a hotel-and my mother and sister will be there, Then, as Helen introduced him to Desiree, he included her in his in-

"Won't you come too, Miss Leigh-Desiree shook her head. "No, thank you!" she smiled at him. I prefer to be right among 'the people' this afternoon. Goodby!" With a nod, she went on down the street, her slender body swayed and pushed by the jostling throng. She was glad to be among

them just now. Here she need not She could just think and be Yet once she stopped to speak. It was when an elderly woman in

mourning, with a gold star on her

arm, passed her. Desiree laid her hand on the mother's arm. "You must feel consecrated," the girl murmured. "He," with a glance at the star, "helped bring about this wonderful day." "God bless you, dear!" the woman whispered, her lips trembling. Then the young woman and the

(To Be Continued.) HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

matron were swept apart by the

noisy crowd.

For grit in the eye apply a drop or two of castor oil; it relieves, the

irritation. Scraps of lace curtains can be used to polish mirrors, and will be found almost equal to chamois

To make mutton juicy and tender, spread a little fat over it and dredge it with flour ten minutes be-

fore, putting it in the oven. Unbleached calico makes splendid casement curtains for upper windows. It only coats half as much as casement cloth, but wears quite as well.

To make fiannelette non-inflammable after washing and rinsing the garments dip them into water in which an ounce of sal-ammoniac or alum has been dissolved.

Mildew can be removed from kid gloves by applying strong ammonia inside just underneath the spots. If the gloves are lined, it is better to hold them in strong fumes of ammonia.

To prevent polished steel from becoming rusty dip it in into or rub it over with lime water or powdered quicklime.

When boiling all fish except sal-

mon put a small quantity of vinegar into the water; this will prevent the fish from falling to

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory. "Doodle, doodle, doo, The Princess lost har shoe; Her Highness hopped,

The fiddler stopped

Not knowing what to do." TERE was a pretty state of things, and if Puss Junior hadn't found the little shoe, I don't suppose Her Highness would ever have danced again or the fid-

dler ever have played any more. Well, Puss Junior bowed very low as he handed the little, slipper to the Princess, and then she caught him up in her arms and commenced dancing around while the fiddler played until he broke one of his strings and had to stop, and, perhaps it was just as well, for Puss Junior was all out of breath, and

the little Princess was as rosy as a Then the King came in and said, Whom have we here?

"Puss in Boots, Junior, your Highness," answered our little traveler, bowing very low. And the King said. "I' will make you a Knight, my good Sir Cat, for you have found my little daughter's slipper. You shall be 'The Knight of the Silver Slipper." This pleased Puss tremendously, for ever since meeting Sir Launcelot of the Lake, our little hero had longed to be a Knight. And now at last he-was

And after that a great banquet was spread and when this was over. the King asked Puss to tell one of his adventures "I'm not much of a story teller,"

began Puss Junior, curling his whiskers as he tried to think of something that would interest his royal audience, "although I have met with many an adventure in my "Once, when I was riding on my good gray horse through a thick woods. I was halted by a little fairy, and thinking it a joke on the

laughed at his boldness. Wherespon he blew on his horn and immediately I was surrounded by myriads of fairies, and before I could escape, I and my good gray horse were bound hand and foot. "I'know not what would have become of me had not three woodsmen run to my rescue and cut the cords. That night, on reaching an

inn, the host told me that once be-

part of my small highwayman I

by the fairies." "Zounds!" exclaimed the King, "I

have heard of Robin Hood and his

merry men doing deeds of this kind, but never have I heard of fairies who acted thus!" Puss Junior grinned and curled his whiskers again. "But there is more to my tale," he said. "That very night they stole my good gray horse from the inn stable and it

took me a precious time before I regained him. "Had the innkeeper not lent me his bicycle, I never would have overtaken him; but all's well that ends well," and Puss rose and bowed to his royal audience, who cried "Long Live Puss In Boots, Junior, Knight or the Royal Slip-

(Copyright, 1919, David Cory.) To Be Continued.

In the Philippines.

In 1917 the Philippine Islands ex-

perienced two typhoons, while one hundred and fifty earthquakes were reported from different parts. The damage done was slight and the casualties few. They were not so fortunate in Formosa, where two destructive typhoons were experienced in July and August, and two

in Japan in October. The appearance of the water hyacinth is reported from several places in the Philippines, and the Secretary of Agriculture reports that, unless legislation provides for its destruction wherever found, all still or sluggish waters will soon be impassable to raft or logs, and even river steamers. The necessity for increasing the working establishment in the forests of the Philippines, if forest produce is to be preserved, is becoming an urgent necessity, and it is pointed out that in Java, Japan and British India, forest officers are employed to a much larger extent than in the

Phillppines.

Paint spilled on a doorstep most unsightly, and is often rather difficult to remove. In that case make a strong solution of potash and wash the step, leaving the solution to soak in. In a short time the paint will become soft and can be washed off with soap and water. Then use cold water. Paint which has been left on for some time will fore, many years ago, a traveler had | yield to this treatment.

The Rhyming When Milady Optimist Stays in Town

TV/HEN milady stays in town this summer she will need many little accessories to brighten her warm days and keep her mentally cool if not physically. And who does not naturally turn to

hats for their great summer inspiration? This year there are such adorably new ones being shown. And perhaps the most interesting part of the new program is the fact that they are so simple. Which, to carry the idea further, means that almost any handy girl can copy some of the very smart new models in one evening at home. She does not have to be an artist at the finishing touches this year. For lo! fashion has swept the decks of the summer millinery clear of all trim-First, there is the little sports

ming. hats to be worn with the light linen suit or week-end picnic or boat trips. One particularly good-looking one was copied recently bby a high school girl. And it didn't take more than one week's allowance to

do it.

a bias strip about six inches wide from the material. This width, of course, varied with the width of the brim on the shape. 'It must be an inch over twice the width of the brim of the bucram shape. Both edges of the bias strip are gathered separately and the silk strings of the stitches drawn evenly all around: The back seam is stitched in fine white silk with

lower edge of the crown. Then another bias strip is cut the width of the side crown and seamed in the back with a blas seam. A heavy cord of white is run through the top casing on this side bias strip, and when a tiny circle of the white taffeta is placed on the very top of the crown, the corded edge is tacked in place, firmly but very neatly all around. Of course the dainty girl will want to line her summer hat. For nothing shows up the work of an

and tacked in place about the

the crown. Cut a bias strip of white silk, or fine white batiste, and measure it around the inner crown. Sew the back seam bias and a narrow casing at the inner top. Through this casing run a fine white silk ribbon and tie it neatly in a small bow.

drawing the lining to the desired

amateur more than the lack of a

lining, with the glaring crude

stitches showing on the inside of

Sometimes a narrow wreath of ine silk flowers placed around the outer crown detracts semewhat from the "sporty" look of the simpler hat and may be worn with more fussy dresses. But if your white taffeta sports hat is to be truly worn with a sports costume, a plain grosgrain ribbon tied around the crown with a tailored bow at front or side, is the ideal trimming for

snugness to fit the head.

the cliff the water formed a whirlpool that advertised the drainage exit for the lake which Torres had heard the Morgans speculate about. With another silvery tease of

pretties.

laughter the Queen tossed the handful of priceless gems into the heart of the whirlpool "Thus I value them," she said. Torres was aghast, and, for the once, well nigh sobered by such wantonness. "And they never come back," also

She Seeras Gems.

rision. Bending, at haphasard she

clutched a priceless handful of the

She led him across the room and

out on a platform that extended

around three sides of a space of

water, the fourth side being the

perpendicular cliff. At the base of

"Come," she commanded, "I

show you how I value them."

laughed on. "Nothing ever comes back. Look!" She flung in a handful of flowers that raced around and around the whirl and quickly sucked down from sight in the center of it. "If nothing comes back, where does everything go?" Torres asked

thickly. The Queen shrugged her should ers, although, he knew that she knew the secret of the waters. "More than one man has gone that way," she said dreamily. "No one of them has ever returned. My mother went that way, after she was dead. I was a girl then." She roused. "But you, helmeted one, go now. Make report to your master-your friend, I mean. Tell him what I propose for dowery. And, if, he be half as mad as you know about the hits of glass, swiftly will his arms surround me. I

await his coming. The play of the Dismissed, Torres entered the sleeping chamber, crept back to steal a glimpse of the Queen, and saw her sunk down on the platform, hand in hand, and guzing into the whirlpool. Swiftly he made his way to the chest, lifted the lid, and stowed a handful into his trousers' pocket. Ere he could scoop a secoud handful, the mocking laughter

shall remain here and in dreams

of the Queen was at his back. Fear and rage mastered him to such extent, that he sprang toward her, and pursuing her out upon the platform, was only prevented from seizing her by the dagger she threatened him with. "Thief," she said quietly. "With-

shall summon my spearmen and have you thrown into the whirling water." And his serenity gave Torres cunning. Glancing apprehensively at the water that threatened him, he ejaculated a cry-of horror as if at what strange thing he had seen, sank down on one knee and buried his convulsed face of simulated fear in his hands. The queen looked sidewise to see what he had seen. Which

ing her wrists and wresting the dagger from her. He wiped the sweat from his face and trembled while he slowly recovered himseif. Meanwhile she

was his moment. He rose in the air

upon her like a leaping tiger, clutch-

gazed upon him curiously without They Came to Grips. "You are a woman of evil" he snarled at her, still shaking with rage; "a witch that traffics with the powers of darkness and all devilish things. Yet are you weman,

born woman, and therefore mortal.

The weakness of mortality and of

woman is yours; wherefore I give you now your choice of two things. Either you shall be thrown into the whirl of water and perish, or-"Or?" she prompted. "Or"- He paused, heked his dry lips and burst forth, "No! By

Or marry me this day, which is the other choice.' "You would marry me for myself, or for the treasure?" "For the treasure," he admitted brazenly. "But it is written in the Book of

Life that I shall marry Francis," she objected. "When will we rewrite that page in the Book of Life?" "As if it could be done!" she

laughed.

"Then I will prove your mortality there in the whirl whither I shall fling you, as you flung the Truly intrepid Torres was for the time-intrepid because of the ancient drink, that burned in his blood and brain, and because he was master of the situation. Also,

like a true Latin-American, he loved a scene wherein he could strut and elocute. (TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

DO YOU LIKE BOOKS?

Strickland W. Gilllan, is packed with clever, original fun, more laughs to the square inch than can be found anywhere else. It might well be called a text book of humor, for every kind is described and illustrated with a typical Gillilan story. Gillilan's humor is

It has a vital relation to life, and remains in the memory years after are not far apart, and the reader sionally stop laughing to ponder some choice bit of sentiment that reaches the heart. Forbes and